

What Gold Cannot Buy

By MRS. ALEXANDER

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CHAPTER IX.

Miss Dacre was a very persevering young woman, nor was she restrained by any sensitive delicacy in pursuing her designs. Hitherto she had rather liked Mrs. Saville in a surface fashion, flattered herself that she was a favorite with the stern little woman. On this supposed favoritism she was always ready to presume. Hope Desmond and Mr. Rawson were therefore somewhat appalled when the sounds of voices and approaching footsteps in the pleasure-ground to which the windows of the smaller drawing-room opened made themselves heard about tea-time, when Mrs. Saville had come in from a short stroll with her confidential adviser, and Hope had descended from her own room, where she had enjoyed a couple of hours' solitude. These sounds were followed by the appearance of Miss Dacre, Saville, Lumley and Lord Everton.

"So sorry you were not able to come to church this morning, dear Mrs. Saville!" said Miss Dacre, effusively, and with the unconcerned assurance of the class which does not hesitate to rush in where the sharper-sighted fear to tread; "so we have all come over to inquire for you. You are looking quite pale. You see I have brought poor Lord Everton, who is so distressed at being expelled from this paradise. You really must make friends. He could not foresee that things would go wrong, and he is so sorry. Now, for my sake, dear Mrs. Saville, you must forgive him, you are such near relations."

"Connections, you mean," corrected Mrs. Saville, a bitter smile curling her lip. "If Lord Everton chooses to come, I can only admire his forgiving nature and accept the olive-branch."

"You are, as ever, just and generous," returned the impecunious peer, with a delightful bow and smile. "I am quite charmed with the vision of myself as a dove, which you kindly suggest."

Mrs. Saville turned from him with undisguised contempt, and addressed herself to George Lumley.

"So you are staying at the Court? How does your regiment, or your troop, get on without your valuable assistance?"

"Disagreeable old cat!" thought Lumley, while he said, "Oh, I ride over every other day, and the intermediate ones they stumble on as best they can without me."

"I thought you were going down to Herondyke?"

"Here's the metal more attractive," said Lumley, melodramatically, with a wave of his hand towards Miss Dacre, who was deep in conversation with Mr. Rawson, on whom she was smiling with her habitual belief in her own power to fascinate all male creatures. "Metal! Yes, I dare say. I sometimes wonder if you are as foolish as you seem, George."

"Oh, a good deal more so," said the handsome hussar, showing his white teeth in a pleasant smile. "You know I haven't many ideas."

"Yet I dare say you would be less easily taken in than men who have," scornfully.

"Very probably, my dear aunt."

"What is the matter with you?" asked Miss Dacre. In a low tone, drawing her chair to the tea-table, where Hope Desmond presided. "You look pale and ill, and as if you had been crying. Forgive me, she added, seeing the quick color rise in her victim's cheek, "but I knew your well you could not stand Mrs. Saville for long." In a low tone.

"Oh, yes, I can," said Hope, smiling a brave defiance. "Don't you think I am likely to have worries and bad news apart from poor Mrs. Saville?"

"Well, I suppose so; but it did not occur to me. She is not popular, you know, though I always get on with her. I am going to play a bold stroke just now; it will astonish you all. 'Nothing venture nothing have,' you know."

"Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold," quoted Miss Desmond, with a somewhat tremulous smile.

"She has been crying—I am certain she has, though she is braving it out. At any rate, she is going to stick to Mrs. Saville. I wonder what she is saying to George Lumley. Nothing amiable, I am sure."

Here Lord Everton, who had been speaking to Saville, and of whom the mistress of the house had not taken the slightest notice, approached and begged for a cup of tea.

"It is a beverage of which I am extremely fond," he said, "and I think a decided liking for tea ought to be a patent of respectability to any man. You have been a good deal on the Continent, I believe, Miss Desmond?"

"I have traveled occasionally in my aunt's lifetime."

"Ah! and enjoyed it, I dare say?"

"Yes; but I also enjoy returning to England."

"Indeed! Well, I do not. The moment I set foot on my native soil, I cease to be a free man; invisible detectives put me in social trons; cruel warders imprison me with adamant barriers, where I am obliged to eat and drink and speak and have my being according to rigid rules. I must give my money for what satisfeth not, and go to the funeral hostilities frequented by my peers. I must don evening dress, and wear unlimited purple and fine linen. Then my exasperated relatives will pester me with invitations, because they think they must not neglect that poor old beggar Everton. Now, on the other side of the

Lumley, pushing a chair forward. "Come, Miss Dacre, you have done your best, and your best is very good. Now take a cup of tea, and pardon my aunt her scant courtesy. I am going to write to Hugh, and I'll tell him of your championship."

"You ought," said Miss Desmond, who had not spoken before, but whose voice showed she had not been unmoved. "Very few can count on such courageous advocacy of the absent and of a losing cause."

"You are very kind to say so. Yes, I will have a cup of tea. My mouth feels parched."

"No wonder!" cried Lord Everton. "I am sure my tongue would have cleaved to the roof of mine, had I dared to utter such words to the Lion of Ingledew. Excuse me, my dear Richard."

"Do not mention it, my dear uncle."

"I wish you would come out and take a little walk with me, Miss Desmond," said Miss Dacre. "I feel frightfully upset."

"I should like to do so very much, but Mrs. Saville may want me to write for her, or something, and I do not like to be out of the way."

"What penal servitude?"

"You must not say so. I agree to perform certain duties, and it would not be honest to run away from them."

"Why do you always take her part?" and Miss Dacre made an impatient grimace. Then, addressing the gentlemen, "Just walk back to the court, and I can follow by myself. Then I can have a quiet talk with Miss Desmond."

"Very well," said Lumley, rising. "I will escort my uncle to the court, and return for you." Miss Dacre gave him a nod and smile, and the gentlemen left them.

(To be continued.)

WHITE HOUSE CHINA

Is Never Given Away and Sold Only After Formal Condemnation.

Custom at the White House demands that no dish shall appear on the table (especially on state occasions) that is not absolutely without defect. Not merely a chip, but the slightest scratch in the gliding on the edge of a plate or cup, or the almost imperceptible wearing of a color design, is sufficient to condemn the piece. It is put aside, and by-and-by, when a number of such "rejects" have accumulated, they are inspected by the steward (who is official custodian of all executive properties), and sent off to auction, writes Rene Bahr.

Under the law, the official china cannot be given away under any circumstances, and can never be sold except in the manner described after formal condemnation. Condemned White House china always brings very high prices at the auction sales—especially pieces of the Lincoln, Grant and Hayes sets. Even a badly cracked Lincoln cup and saucer, or damaged egg cup, may fetch \$15 or \$20. On the other hand, a Franklin Pierce plate in good condition is not likely to command more than \$6. Washington and Jefferson crockery is always salable at fancy prices; but none of it comes from the White House, where only a few specimens remain and are kept on exhibition in the cabinets in the basement.

The first and original executive china was imported from England by George Washington—who, of course, never occupied the White House. Nearly all of it has disappeared, only a few pieces still existing in the hands of collectors. But even more interesting, perhaps, are the remnants of the crockery set (likewise of British manufacture) intended for the Confederate executive mansion at Richmond, but which, it is understood, Jefferson Davis never had an opportunity to use. It was captured, confiscated and scattered only an occasional fragment of it being today discoverable in the cabinets of curio lovers.

At the time when (in 1902) the purchase of a complete new service of crockery was contemplated by Mr. Roosevelt, a careful inventory was made of all the china in the White House. It was found to comprise 143 pieces of the Lincoln set, 125 pieces of the Grant set, 371 pieces of the Hayes set, 30 pieces of the Arthur set, 1,745 pieces of the Cleveland set, 459 pieces of the Harrison set, and 321 pieces of the McKinley set.

The Roosevelt china, which was ordered from England (\$22,000 being paid for it), is white and gold, and, as might be imagined, exceedingly handsome. Each plate and platter has the coat-of-arms of the United States, in gilt, in the border. This set originally comprised 3,000 pieces, including cups, saucers, etc., and is today almost intact, great care having been taken of it, so that very few of the pieces are broken. Hence it is exceedingly unlikely that the Tarfs will be obliged to buy any more crockery for the White House.

A Delicate Hint.

"Poor Miss Oldgirl! Did you hear of the jolt she got at the seedman's?"

"No, what was it?"

"She told the man she had a little garden of her own and asked him to recommend some suitable plant. He gave her one look and then suggested a wallflower."—Baltimore American.

A Changeless Name.

De Quiz—Was that an unmarried woman you met just now?

De Whiz—Yes, I knew her several years ago. How her face has changed!

De Quiz—Has it? Well, when a woman's face changes as much as that she can never hope to change her name, too.

The Old Man's Joke.

"Mary," called her father, "has that young man gone yet?"

"No, pa," replied the maid. "But he's going right now."

"Then ask him to empty the pail underneath the icebox before he goes, will you? I forgot it!"—Detroit Free Press.

About the Size of It.

"All men are born equal," quoted the moralizer.

"Yes," rejoined the demoralizer, "and the equality stops right there."



For the Children

What Betty Thinks of Bobby.

My brother is the grandest boy! You ought to see him jump. From big, high steps where I'm afraid, he just comes down ker-plump!

I'm just exactly Bobby's size, 'cause we are twins, you see; But Bobby knows such heaps of things—and tells them all to me.

He tells me every single day, "You don't know nothin'!" I tell him, "You don't know nothin'!" I tell him, "You don't know nothin'!" I tell him, "You don't know nothin'!"

And if I tell him what to do, he'll do it—but he'll say, "Pooh, Betty, I know that! I meant to do it, anyway!"

He's very kind, my brother is—he's not like other boys; Why, when he doesn't want them, I can always have our toys.

And generous! He always offers me the biggest bun; But 'course I have to be polite—I take the other one.

He lets me watch him building things; he doesn't mind a bit. And when he wants a nail or string, he lets me run for it.

And when we play, he lets me choose what I think is most fun; Then, if he doesn't like that game, we choose another one.

Bobby is very brave and bold. I suppose he likes us not. If 'even tigers came at once, he'd kill them with one shot!

For Bobby says he's not afraid of bears or any beast; And he can shoot an elephant! He told me so, at least.

I do love Bobby. And sometimes I tell him so. But he says gruffly (he's a boy, you know), "Oh, pshaw, don't bother me!"

Of course I'd rather be a girl—but lots of fun I miss. When Bobby says, "No, girls can't go. You couldn't stand it, Sis."

I guess I could! I'm big as Bob; for we are twins, you see. But Bobby knows so much, of course, and tells it all to me.

Sometimes he lets me hear him say his spelling lesson through; And then I do his sums for him, and he says, "Good for you!"

It makes me feel so glad and proud, to think that I can be a little help to Bob, when he's so good to me.

—By Carolyn Wells.

Two Pictures in One.

Here is a portrait of Aunt Sally, which only needs to be turned upside down to become transformed into the smiling face of Father Christmas. This curiosity was sent by Charles H. John from Lucknow, India, to The Strand Magazine.

Marjory's Shop.

Marjory had searched the meadows, Marjory had searched the woods, and Marjory's shop was ready for customers. Her shop was the latticed arbor at the end of the box-bordered garden path; the seats along the sides and the small round table were the shopkeeper displayed her stock. All the wares stood in dishes of water, for they were blossoms and herbs and plants that Marjory had picked in meadows and woods.

"No, I thank you," replied Aunt Sophia. "I will pay now."

She took a small box from her bag, and Marjory's eyes danced with interest when she saw what it contained. "Here is a jeweled and goldthread," said Aunt Sophia, "and for small change, silver shillings and penny-royal."—Youth's Companion.

SCIENTIFIC MOTHERHOOD.

Profession of Most Women to Be Held in Honor and Not Neglected.

Scientific study of child life is more and more forcefully drawing attention to the great importance of early influences. Prof. W. I. Thomas and other psychologists agreeing that so impressionable are the first years and so nearly indelible the effects of early influences that in order thoroughly to safeguard the future of children they should be removed from all evil surroundings before they have reached the age of 3 months, says Vogue.

According to these authorities the child's brain is completely formed when it is 8 years old (being short only in experience and practice), and if this be true, since the mother is the child's closest companion during these impressionable formative years, and so creates its "ground patterns of character" almost from the moment of its birth, it can readily be seen that enormous responsibility devolves upon her and how necessary it is that she be given generous education in school and after life.

As a matter of fact, however, how far removed from truly intelligent motherhood, even in the more advanced countries, is the great majority of women? And is it not possible that this lack of proper training for the very slow upward progress of the race as regards both ethics and physical health? Indeed, the children's courts, which have been hailed and rightly, as a most enlightened development in legal procedure, in themselves constitute a drastic arraignment of motherhood, a recent investigation of 700-odd cases in New York showing that only thirty-two of the little culprits were motherless. Wise as distinguished from merely sentimental mothers might have saved these children not only arrest but perhaps lives of dishonor and the community the expense of their correction and maintenance in prison.

In Oriental countries where harems are recognized institutions the evil effects of a wholly ignorant motherhood are markedly exemplified and yet, while as compared to such civilization, lands like England and the United States appear very advanced, is there much more for us to boast of when among us theft and trickery—from stealing rides on car lines to swindling the national government by fraudulent weighing devices—are such common occurrences, and when our hospitals are full to overflowing? Does the mother who lies about the age of her child to save a miserable nickel—small price for a soul—realize her responsibility in giving direction to her child's character? Yet what, if not a lesson in swindling, does he get out of such a transaction?

Apparently a large number of women are so busy fussing about what they allege to be their rights that they have no time to devote to the study of the profession which about 80 per cent of them take up. However, there are indications that public opinion is beginning to be stirred on the subject, although it is men who are taking the lead in a scientific movement which might have been supposed would long ago have been started by the more enlightened members of women's clubs. It is certainly discreditable in the highest degree that women should have left the reform of their leading profession to men.

NOT BIDDING FOR FAME.

The kindness and modesty of an unknown man who saved a small boy's life have furnished the New York correspondent of the Chicago Tribune with a human little story.

Bertie Kavanagh, who is seven years old, went to Central Park one afternoon lately to sail his boat on Conservatory Pond. In reaching out too far from the board walk, he tumbled in. Johnny Cusack, eight years old, was the only person who saw him.

"Bertie's in the lake and drowning!" cried Johnny, as he ran up to several other boys who were interested in their own boats.

The boys could see nothing of Bertie, and none of them dared venture into the lake. A man in overalls was sitting on a bench a short distance away, and one of the boys told him what had happened.

The man dropped the newspaper he had been reading, and went with the messenger. He jumped in, clothes and all, and felt about the bottom with his feet.

The water was breast-high. After a time he felt something, and reaching down, he found the boy clinging to some roots at the bottom. He broke the boy's grasp and carried him to the board walk. A policeman came down on the run, and sent for an ambulance.

"What's your name and address?" the policeman asked the rescuer.

"What difference does it make who I am?" responded the man.

"I want to get it on the records," said the policeman.

"Gwan with your records! I'm no hero. I got kids of me own home with the old woman," said the man, as he squeezed some water from his clothes and started for the park entrance.

The ambulance surgeon resuscitated Bertie.

He Knew.

Tommy—Pop, what is meant by circumstances over which we have no control?

Tommy's Pop—Modern children, my son.

If a man succeeds in keeping out of jail during his sojourn on earth he naturally expects to go to heaven when he dies.



Smiles of the Day

Two Different Things.

A long-winded, prosy counselor was arguing a technical case recently before one of the Judges of the Superior Court. He had drifted along in such a desultory way that it was hard to keep track of what he was trying to present, and the judge had just vented a very suggestive yawn.

"I sincerely trust that I am not unduly trespassing on the time of this court," said the lawyer, with a suspicion of sarcasm in his voice.

"There is some difference," the judge quietly observed, "between trespassing on time and encroaching on eternity." New York Times.

Cause and Effect.

"What a sweet disposition your wife has—and with all those children, too!"

"Yes. She used to be cranky, but the kids have got her so she minds all right."—Cleveland Leader.

Rude Man.

She—Are you fond of music?

He—Yes, very; would you mind stopping?

Coincidence.

On the notice board of a church near Manchester the other day the following announcements appeared together: "A potato pie supper will be held on Saturday evening. Subject for Sunday evening: 'A Night of Agony.'"—Manchester Guardian.

A Camera's Joke.

"Just the same, it's no snap," remarked the man who seemed to be talking aloud.

"What's no snap?" queried the innocent bystander who had overheard.

"Making a time exposure with a camera," explained the noisy thinker.

Too Late.

"I'm introducing a brand-new invention—a combined talking machine, carpet sweeper and a letter opener," said the agent, stepping briskly into an office.

"Got one already," answered the proprietor. "I'm married!"—The Bohemian.

Womanlike.

Madge—You must have managed to console the poor girl, for she stopped crying.

Marjorie—That wasn't the reason. She stopped when she said that she hadn't another handkerchief.—Puck.

A Suburban Test.

"Are your neighbors, the Huxters and Panroves, good friends?"

"Well, I guess! Why, they even praise each other's lettuce!"—Puck.

The Soft Answer.

Mr. Blower—Your automobile hit me, but I got it number, all right!"

Fair Occupant—So nice. It will make a capital decoration for your den.—Puck.

His Wish.

Little Willie—I hate to have my face washed.

Little Bobby—So do I. I wish I was a big man and could wear whiskers.—Philadelphia Record.

Joyful Thought.

He—Just think, Henrietta, in fifteen more years we kin get married. She (ecstatically)—Oh, Jimmie!

Practical Idea.

Mrs. Long—Here's an invitation to Mr. Short's wedding. What on earth can we send the happy couple?

Long—I have it. Short borrowed \$10 of me nearly two years ago. I'll send him a receipted bill.

Sandy's Retort.

The Lady—Ah, my poor man, what brought you to this?

Sandy Pikes—Me feet, mum. Yer didn't think I was wealthy enough to hire a taxicab, did you?

The Age of a Chicken.

Teacher—Johnny, can you tell how the age of a chicken is determined?

Johnny—Yes'm. By the teeth.

Teacher—Why, chickens have no teeth.

Johnny—No'm; but we have.

Wrong Diagnosis.

Gyer—There goes a man who is afraid to think for himself.

Myer—Why doesn't he get married?

Gyer—That's the trouble—he is married.

My Way of Diversion.

"Say," queried the summer boarder, "what can a fellow do to kill time around here?"

"Waal," drawled the old farmer, "mebbe yew kin coax th' ole woman tew let yer whitewash th' chicken house."

Mary Ad At Again.

Mary had a chicken small. And she thought it immense. When the waiter handed her a check for a dollar ninety cents.

Fractions.

Teacher (giving a lesson on fractions)—Here, children, is a piece of meat. If I cut it in two, what shall I have?

Class—Halves.

Teacher—And if I cut it again in two, what do I get?

Class—Quarters.

Teacher—And if I again do the same?

Class—Eighths.

Teacher—And if I continue in the same way?

Class—Sixteenths.

Teacher—Good! And if we cut our pieces once more in two, what then shall we have?

Tommy (after a long silence)—Please, miss, mince meat!—Answers.

Time Saving.

"So you think that pictures serve a more important purpose than literature?"

"Yes. Nearly everybody would rather send a post card than write a letter."—Washington Star.

His Title.

An old darkey in Kentucky signs himself Col. Henry Clay Jones. When asked why he should prefix that title to his name, as he had no right to it, he replied:

"Yes, I has, sah."

"But you're not a Colonel."

"Dat don't mean Colonel, boss; dat means colored."—Exchange.

His News.

"The only news I have to tell you," wrote the Hillville citizen, "is that the river has riz an' drowned all yer cattle, an' yer uncle has broke jail; likewise the widder woman you was agoin' ter marry has runned off with a book agent. Outside of these here things, we air all doin' well."—Atlanta Constitution.

Familiar Taste.

Farmer Rystop—You seem to enjoy those fresh vegetables?

Summer Boarder—Yes, it is an acquired taste. You get them from the same store up in town that we do.

Expected Back.

Prisoner—Can I speak with the convict Smith for one moment?

Jailer—No, he has just left after finishing his time. But ask me again in about a week.

Alas, Poor Man!

Alice—I suppose Isabel is completely reconciled to the loss of her first husband, isn't she?

Emily—Oh, yes, but they say her second husband probably never will become reconciled to it.

A Deceptive Figure.

Won't you sit down, Mrs. Forty-stone?

"Thank you, but I am."—London Opinion.

More of Pa's Wisdom.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what is a philosopher?

Pa—A philosopher, my son, is a man who can generate a dozen good and sufficient reasons why other people ought to be perfectly satisfied with their lot in life.

Could Stand the Whinnings.

"Gracious, Tommy," said the startled visitor, "I never saw a lad get as many spankings as you do. Why, it seems to be a continuous performance down in the woodshed."

"Oh, I can stand it," laughed Tommy, with a wink.

"You can stand it?"

"Sure! When dad spans me ma feels so sorry she gives me candy on the sly. Then when mr spans me dad feels so sorry he gives me a quarter and takes me out to see the ball game."

The Real Thing.

"I suppose," remarked the village grocer, "that your son acquired a liberal education at college?"

"Yore supposition air 'bout right," answered Farmer Geehaw. "It cost me more'n 'leven hundred dollars, by grass!"

On the Contrary.

"An artist friend of mine," said the garrulous party, "once painted a banana peel on the sidewalk so naturally that the first man who came along slipped and fell over it."

"Huh!" rejoined the contrary person. "It couldn't have been very natural if the first man that came along tumbled to it!"

Preferred Modern Methods.

The Court—Six years' hard labor. You'll get a chance to learn a trade, my man.

Burglar—Couldn't I be permitted to learn it—er—by correspondence?

Two Surprises.

A mission worker in New Orleans was visiting a reformatory near that city not long ago when she observed among the inmates an old acquaintance, a negro lad long thought to be a model of integrity, says the Argonaut.

"Jim!" exclaimed the mission worker. "Is it possible I find you here?"

"Yessum," blithely responded the backslider. "I's charged with stealin' a barrel of sweet potatoes."

The visitor sighed. "You, Jim!" she repeated. "I am surprised!"

"Yessum," said Jim. "So was I, or I wouldn't be here!"

Just the Opposite.

"You are a poor young man!"

"I am."

"Then what you want is a thrifty, economical wife."

"Not at all. What I want is a rich, liberal wife."—Democratic Telegraph.

Music evidently has charms for those savages next door who pound the piano seventeen hours a day.